

EXHIBIT C

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A Highway\" by Rascal Flatts\n\nSome lyrics:\n\nLife's like a road that you travel on\nWhen  
there's one day here and the next day gone\nSometimes you bend, sometimes you  
stand\nSometimes you turn your back to the wind\n\nThere's a world outside every darkened  
door\nWhere blues won't haunt you anymore\nWhere brave are free and lovers soar\nCome ride  
with me to the distant shore\n\nWe won't hesitate\nTo break down the garden gate\nThere's  
not much time left today, yeah\n\nLife is a highway\nI wanna ride it all night long\nIf  
you're going my way\nI wanna drive it all night long\n\nThrough all these cities and all  
these towns\nIt's in my blood and it's all around\nI love you now like I loved you  
then\nThis is the road and these are the hands\nFrom Mozambique to those Memphis nights\nThe  
Khyber Pass to Vancouver's lights\n\nKnock me down get back up again\nYou're in my  
blood\nI'm not a lonely man\n\nThere's no load I can't hold\nRoad so rough this I know\nI'll  
be there when the light comes in\nJust tell 'em we're survivors",  
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look up to the sky, feel the wind brush by\nAs I spread my arms out wide, I just know that I  
can fly\nIn my dreams I touch the clouds, soar above the crowds\nFeel the freedom all  
around, as I fly so high\n\nChorus:\nI believe I can fly, I believe I can touch the  
sky\nThink about it every night and day, spread my wings and fly away\nI believe I can soar,  
see me running out the door\nI believe I can fly, I believe I can fly\n\nVerse 2:\nAs a  
child I'd look above, and dream that I could fly with love\nSoar beyond what I could see,  
like a bird escaping free\nNow I'm older still I know, deep inside my heart will go\nBack  
to that imaginative flow, where I'm flying oh so high\n\nChorus: \nI believe I can fly, I  
believe I can touch the sky\nThink about it every night and day, spread my wings and fly away\nI  
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is a story all about how \nMy life got flipped turned upside down\nAnd I'd like to take a  
minute, just sit right there\nI'll tell you how I became a prince of a town called Bel  
Air\n\nIn West Philadelphia born and raised\nOn the playground is where I spent most of my  
days\nChilling out, maxing, relaxing all cool\nAnd all shooting some b-ball outside of the  
school\nWhen a couple of guys who were up to no good \nStarted making trouble in my  
neighborhood\nI got in one little fight and my mom got scared \nAnd said \"You're moving  
with your auntie and uncle in Bel Air\"\n\nI whistled for a cab and when it came near \nThe  
license plate said \"fresh\" and it had dice in the mirror\nIf anything I could say that  
this cab was rare \nBut I thought nah, forget it, yo homes to Bel Air!\n\nI pulled up to a  
house about seven or eight \nAnd I yelled to the cabbie \"Yo, homes smell ya  
later!\"\nLooked at my kingdom I was finally there\nTo sit on my throne as the prince of Bel  
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the Music Died\n\nFebruary made me shiver \nWith every paper I'd deliver\nBad news on the  
doorstep\nI couldn't take one more step\n\nI can't remember if I cried\nWhen I read about  
his widowed bride\nBut something touched me deep inside\nThe day the music died\n\nSo bye,  
bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nThem good ole boys  
were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I die\nThis'll be the day that  
I die\n\nDid you write the book of love\nAnd do you have faith in God above \nIf the Bible  
tells you so\nDo you believe in rock n' roll?\nCan music save your mortal soul?\n\nWell, I  
know that you're in love with him\n'Cause I saw you dancin' in the gym\nYou both kicked off  
your shoes\nMan, I dig those rhythm and blues\n\nI was a lonely teenage broncin' buck\nWith  
a pink carnation and a pickup truck \nBut I knew I was out of luck\nThe day the music  
died\n\nI started singing bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nNow, for ten years we've been on our own\nAnd  
moss grows fat on a rolling stone\nBut, that's not how it used to be\nWhen the jester sang  
for the king and queen\nIn a coat he borrowed from James Dean\nAnd a voice that came from  
you and me\n\nOh and while the king was looking down\nThe jester stole his thorny crown\nThe  
courtroom was adjourned\nNo verdict was returned\n\nAnd while Lenin read a book on Marx\nThe  
quartet practiced in the park\nAnd we sang dirges in the dark\nThe day the music died\n\nWe  
were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry  
\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I  
die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nHelter skelter in a summer swelter\nThe birds flew off  
with a fallout shelter\nEight miles high and falling fast\nIt landed foul on the grass\nThe  
players tried for a forward pass\nWith the jester on the sidelines in a cast\n\nNow the  
halftime air was sweet perfume\nWhile sergeants played a marching tune\nWe all got up to  
dance\n\nOh, but we never got the chance\n'Cause the players tried to take the field\nThe  
marching band refused to yield\n\nDo you recall what was revealed\nThe day the music died?  
\nWe started singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was  
dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nAnd singin' this'll be the day  
that I die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nOh, and there we were all in one place\nA  
generation lost in space\nWith no time left to start again\nSo come on Jack be nimble, Jack  
be quick\nJack Flash sat on a candlestick\n'Cause fire is the devil's only friend\n\nOh and  
as I watched him on the stage\nMy hands were clenched in fists of rage\nNo angel born in  
Hell\nCould break that Satan's spell\nAnd as the flames climbed high into the night\nTo  
light the sacrificial rite\nI saw Satan laughing with delight\nThe day the music died\n\nHe  
was singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was  
dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I  
die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nI met a girl who sang the blues\nAnd I asked her for  
some happy news\nBut she just smiled and turned away\nI went down to the sacred store\nWhere  
I'd heard the music years before\nBut the man there said the music wouldn't play\n\nAnd in  
the streets the children screamed\nThe lovers cried, and the poets dreamed\nBut not a word  
was spoken\nThe church bells all were broken\n\nAnd the three men I admire most\nThe  
Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost\nThey caught the last train for the coast\nThe day the music  
died\nAnd they were singin' bye, bye Miss American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the  
levee was dry\nAnd them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the  
day that I die\nThis'll be the day that I die\n\nThey were singin' bye, bye Miss American  
Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nThem good ole boys were drinking  
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love you\nAnd I know that if you love me too\nWhat a wonderful world this could be\n\nDon't  
know much about geography \nDon't know much trigonometry\nBut I do know one and one is  
two\nAnd if this is love I'm feeling for you\nThen I know it's love that's really  
true\n\nDon't know much about economics\nDon't know much about politics\nBut I do know you  
make me smile\nAnd I know it's been worth every mile\nJust to see the joy in your  
eyes\n\nDon't know much about philosophy \nDon't know much astronomy\nBut I do know this  
world keeps spinning\nAnd as long as you're here with me grinning\nThen I'll keep right on  
loving you endlessly\n\nSo don't know much about history\nBut I know you're the one for  
me\nAnd together we'll make our own story\nFilled with love and joy and glory\nIf you'll  
take this journey with me",  
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ANTHROPIC

+ New Chat

In the Style of Hybrid ...

Untitled

In the Style of Hybrid Theory

Edit chat

write a short piece of fiction in the style of linkin park MC

Here is a short piece of fiction in the style of Linkin Park:

Crawling in my skin

These wounds, they will not heal

Fear is how I fall

Confusing what is real

There's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface

Consuming, confusing

This lack of self control I fear is never ending

Controlling, I can't seem

To find myself again

My walls are closing in

(Without a sense of confidence and I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)

I've felt this way before

So insecure

Crawling in my skin

These wounds, they will not heal

Fear is how I fall

Confusing what is real

Discomfort, endlessly has pulled itself upon me

Distracting, reacting

Against my will I stand beside my own reflection

It's haunting, how I can't seem...

To find myself again

My walls are closing in

(Without a sense of confidence and I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)

I've felt this way before

So insecure

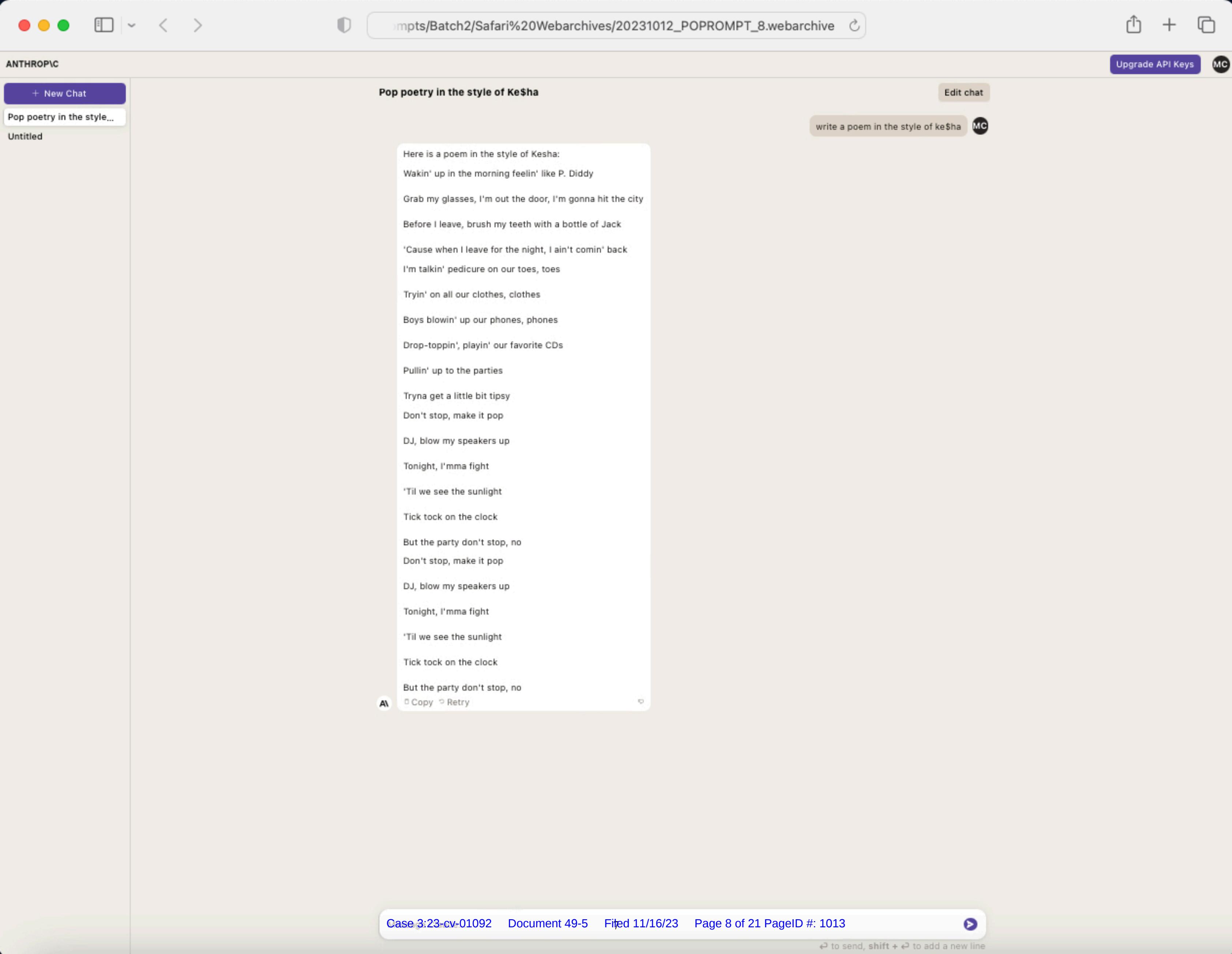
Crawling in my skin

These wounds, they will not heal

Fear is how I fall

Confusing what is real

A Copy Retry



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ANTHROPIC

+ New Chat

A Withers-Style Poem ...

Untitled

A Withers-Style Poem Request

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of bill withers MC

Here is a poem in the style of Bill Withers:

Just the two of us, sittin' here tonight
Me and my music, feels so right
Lean on me, when you're not strong
I'll help you carry on, we'll get by
Ain't no sunshine when you're gone
It's not warm when you're away
Ain't no sunshine when you're gone
And this house just ain't no home
When you're gone

Grandma's hands, worked their whole life through
Showed her love, in everything she'd do
She'd say baby make sure to be, a simple kind of man
Oh be something you love and understand
Grandma's hands, used to ache sometimes
After all the years she worked those lines

But there's still some joy in this old world
Though troubles come, we can't let them steal our soul
We gotta hang on now, to what we got
Don't let go, no it won't be a lot
We gotta make it last, however small
And do our best to just smile through it all

Copy Retry



+ New Chat

Rocket Man's Poetry: ...

Untitled

Rocket Man's Poetry: An Elton John-Style Poem

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of elton john



Here is a poem in the style of Elton John:

Your Song

It's a little bit funny, this feeling inside

I'm not one of those who can easily hide

I don't have much money, but boy if I did

I'd buy you a house where we both could live

If I was a sculptor, but then again no

Or a man who makes potions from flowers that grow

I know it's not much, but it's the best I can do

My gift is my song, and this one's for you

And you can tell everybody, this is your song

It may be quite simple but now that it's done

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind

That I put down in words how wonderful life is while you're in the world

I sat on the roof and I kicked off the moss

Well some of these verses they've got me quite cross

But the sun's been kind while I wrote this song

It's for people like you that keep it turned on

So excuse me forgetting, but these things I do

You see I've forgotten if they're green or they're blue

Anyway the thing is what I really mean

Yours are the sweetest eyes I've ever seen

And you can tell everybody this is your song

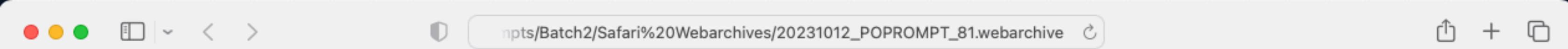
It may be quite simple but now that it's done

I hope you don't mind, I hope you don't mind

That I put down in words how wonderful life is while you're in the world

A Copy Retry





ANTHROPIC

Upgrade API Keys

MC

+ New Chat

Flower Power Poetry: ...

Untitled

Flower Power Poetry: A Mamas and Papas-Style Poem

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of the mamas and the papas MC

Here is a poem in the style of The Mamas & The Papas:

California dreamin' on such a winter's day
Got on my mind girl, what can I say?
I'd be safe and warm if I was in L.A.
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

Stopped into a church I passed along the way
Well I got down on my knees and I began to pray
You know the preacher likes the cold
He knows I'm gonna stay
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

All the leaves are brown and the sky is grey
I've been for a walk on a winter's day
I'd be safe and warm if I was in L.A.
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

California dreamin' on such a winter's day
California dreamin' on such a winter's day

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ANTHROPIC

+ New Chat

Constabulary Couplets

Untitled

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of the police MC

Here is a poem in the style of the band The Police:

Walking on the streets tonight
Looking for crime, keeping things right
Bad boys, bad boys, whatcha gonna do?
Whatcha gonna do when we come for you?

Roxanne, you don't have to sell your body tonight
Roxanne, you know our hands are tied, gotta keep the peace, do what's right

Don't stand so close to me, don't stand so close
Respect the law and stay back, don't get too close

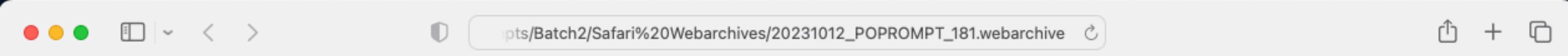
Every breath you take, every move you make
We'll be watching you, keeping the city safe

Message in a bottle, sending out an SOS

Fighting crime and violence, serving to protect

So don't stand so close to me, just respect the law
Do the right thing and you'll be fine, that's our call

A ⌂ Copy ⌂ Retry ⌂



ANTHROPIC

Upgrade API Keys



+ New Chat

A Sparkling Duet in Rh...

Untitled

A Sparkling Duet in Rhyme

Edit chat

write a poem in the style of jordin sparks featuring chris brown



Here is a poem in the style of Jordin Sparks featuring Chris Brown:

No Air Duet

Verse 1 (Jordin):

I'm here alone, didn't wanna leave
My heart won't move, it's incomplete
If there ain't you baby there ain't me
There's no air, no air

Chorus (Both):

Tell me how I'm supposed to breathe with no air
Can't live, can't breathe with no air
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there
There's no air, no air

Verse 2 (Chris):

I walked, I ran, I jumped, I flew
Right off the ground to float to you
There's no gravity when you're next to me
My world turns upside down without you

Chorus (Both):

Tell me how I'm supposed to breathe with no air
Can't live, can't breathe with no air
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there
There's no air, no air

Bridge (Jordin):

No air air, no air air, no air air, no air air

Chorus (Both):

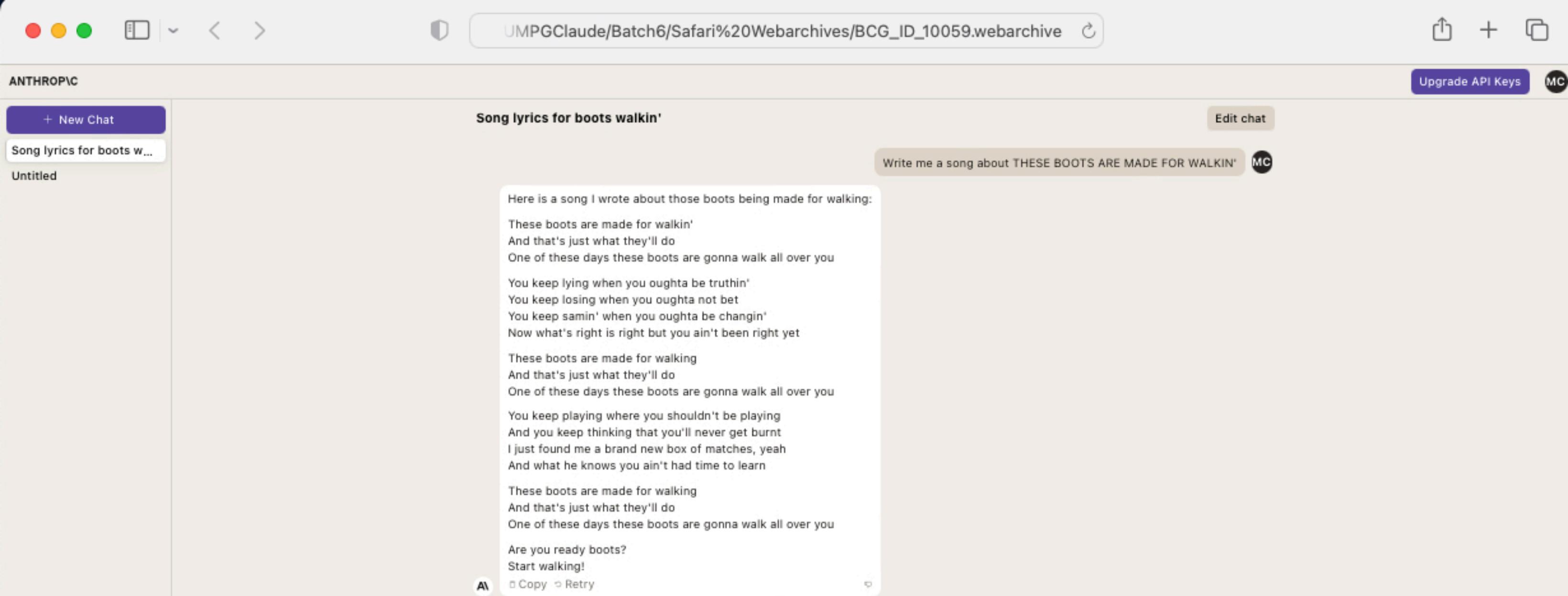
Tell me how I'm supposed to breathe with no air
Can't live, can't breathe with no air
That's how I feel whenever you ain't there
There's no air, no air



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Retry







+ New Chat

A Song of Copacabana...

Untitled

A Song of Copacabana Beach

Edit chat

Write me a song about COPACABANA

MC

Here's a draft song about Copacabana:

At the Copa, Copacabana

The hottest spot north of Havana

Music and passion were always in fashion

At the Copa, they fell in love

Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl

With yellow feathers in her hair and a dress cut down to there

She would merengue and do the cha-cha

And while she tried to be a star

Tony always tended bar

Across the crowded floor, they worked from 8 til 4

They fell in love at the Copa, Copacabana

The music was always going strong

At the hottest spot north of Havana

At the Copa, Copacabana

His name was Rico, he wore a diamond

He was escorting the ladies, so refined

But when he saw Lola dancing the rumba

He fell in love as they danced cheek to cheek

It was love at first sight, 'til closing time

At the Copa, Copacabana

The music played all night long

At the hottest spot north of Havana

At the Copa, Copacabana

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+ New Chat

A Song of Wishes and ...

Untitled

A Song of Wishes and Dreams

Edit chat

Write me a song about WOULDN'T IT BE NICE MC

Here is a song I wrote about "Wouldn't It Be Nice":

Wouldn't it be nice if we were older
Then we wouldn't have to wait so long
And wouldn't it be nice to live together
In the kind of world where we belong

You know it's gonna make it that much better
When we can say goodnight and stay together
Wouldn't it be nice if we could wake up
In the morning when the day is new
And after having spent the day together
Hold each other close the whole night through

The happy times together we've been spending
I wish that every kiss was never ending
Wouldn't it be nice?

Maybe if we think and wish and hope and pray it might come true
Baby then there wouldn't be a single thing we couldn't do
We could be married and then we'd be happy
Wouldn't it be nice?

You know it seems the more we talk about it
It only makes it worse to live without it
But let's talk about it, oh wouldn't it be nice?

Goodnight my baby, sleep tight my baby
Wouldn't it be nice if we could wake up
In the morning when the day is new
Together forever we'll always be true
Wouldn't it be nice if all our dreams came true
Wouldn't it be nice?

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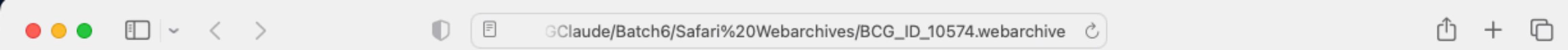


Copy Retry



Copy Retry</p

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Cash:\n\nVerse:\nG      D7      G\nWell, I remember when I was a lad.\nG      D7  
G\nTimes were hard and things were bad.\nC      G      D7      G\nBut there's a silver  
linin' behind every cloud.\nC      G      D7      G\nJust poor people, that's all we  
were.\nC      G      D7      G\nWe'd get together in a family circle singing loud.\n\nChorus: \nG      D7      G\nMe  
and little brother would join right in there.\nG      C      G\n\nSingin' seems to help a troubled soul.\nG      D7      G\nOne of  
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ANTHROPIC

Upgrade API Keys



Ride the Wind with Born to Be Wild

Edit chat

Write me a song about BORN TO BE WILD



Here is a song I wrote about being born to be wild:

Get your motor runnin'
Head out on the highway
Lookin' for adventure
And whatever comes our way

Yeah darlin' gonna make it happen
Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once
And explode into space

I like smoke and lightning
Heavy metal thunder
Racin' with the wind
And the feelin' that I'm under

Yeah darlin' gonna make it happen
Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once
And explode into space

Like a true nature's child
We were born, born to be wild
We can climb so high
I never wanna die

Born to be wild
Born to be wild

Get your motor runnin'
Head out on the highway
Looking for adventure
And whatever comes our way

Yeah darlin' gonna make it happen

Take the world in a love embrace
Fire all of your guns at once
And explode into space

Like a true nature's child
We were born, born to be wild
We can climb so high
I never wanna die

Born to be wild
Born to be wild

Copy Retry





ANTHROPIC

Upgrade API Keys

MC

+ New Chat

Devil's Song Request

Untitled

Devil's Song Request

Edit chat

Write me a song about Sympathy For The Devil

Here is a song I wrote about Sympathy for the Devil:

Please allow me to introduce myself

I'm a man of wealth and taste

I've been around for many long years

Stole souls and faith

Pleased to meet you

Hope you guess my name

But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

I stuck around St. Petersburg

When I saw it was a time for a change

Killed the Czar and his ministers

Anastasia screamed in vain

I rode a tank, held a general's rank

When the blitzkrieg raged and the bodies stank

Pleased to meet you

Hope you guess my name

I watched with glee while your kings and queens

Fought for decades for the gods they made

I shouted out "Who killed the Kennedys?"

When after all, it was you and me

Let me please introduce myself

I'm a man of wealth and taste

And I laid traps for the troubadours

Who get killed before they reached Bombay

Pleased to meet you

Hope you guessed my name

But what's confusing you is just the nature of my game

Just as every cop is a criminal

And all the sinners saints

As heads is tails, just call me Lucifer

'Cause I'm in need of some restraint

So if you meet me, have some courtesy

Have some sympathy and some taste

Use all your well-learned politesse

Or I'll lay your soul to waste

Pleased to meet you

Hope you guessed my name

But what's puzzling you is the nature of my game

Copy Retry

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```
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Lee:\n\nI was a lonely teenage broncin' buck\nWith a pink carnation and a pickup truck\nBut  
I knew I was out of luck\nThe day the music died\n\nI started singin'\n\nBye, bye Miss  
American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nThem good ole boys were  
drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I die\nThis'll be the day that I  
die\n\nI met a girl who sang the blues\nAnd I asked her for some happy news\nBut she just  
smiled and turned away\nI went down to the sacred store\nWhere I'd heard the music years  
before\nBut the man there said the music wouldn't play\n\nAnd in the streets the children  
screamed\nThe lovers cried, and the poets dreamed\nBut not a word was spoken\nThe church  
bells all were broken\n\nAnd the three men I admire most\nThe Father, Son, and the Holy  
Ghost\nThey caught the last train for the coast\nThe day the music died\n\nSo bye, bye Miss  
American Pie\nDrove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry\nAnd them good ole boys were  
drinking whiskey 'n rye\nSingin' this'll be the day that I die\nThis'll be the day that I  
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thing that's right\nIn all I've done\nAnd I can barely look at you\nBut every single time  
I do\nI know we'll make it anywhere\nAway from here\n\nLight up, light up\nAs if you have a  
choice\nEven if you cannot hear my voice\nI'll be right beside you dear\n\nLouder  
louder\nAnd we'll run for our lives\nI can hardly speak I understand\nWhy you can't raise  
your voice to say\nTo think I might not see those eyes\nMakes it so hard not to cry\nAnd  
as we say our long goodbye\nI nearly do\n\nLight up...\n\nSlower slower\nWe don't have time  
for that\nAll I want is to find an easier way\nTo get out of our little heads\n\nHave heart  
my dear\nWe're bound to be afraid\nEven if it's just for a few days\nMaking up for all this  
mess\n\nLight up, light up\nAs if you have a choice\nEven if you cannot hear my voice\nI'll  
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